

The Sky Line Trail

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HIKERS AT OPABIN PASS

(Palenske Photo)

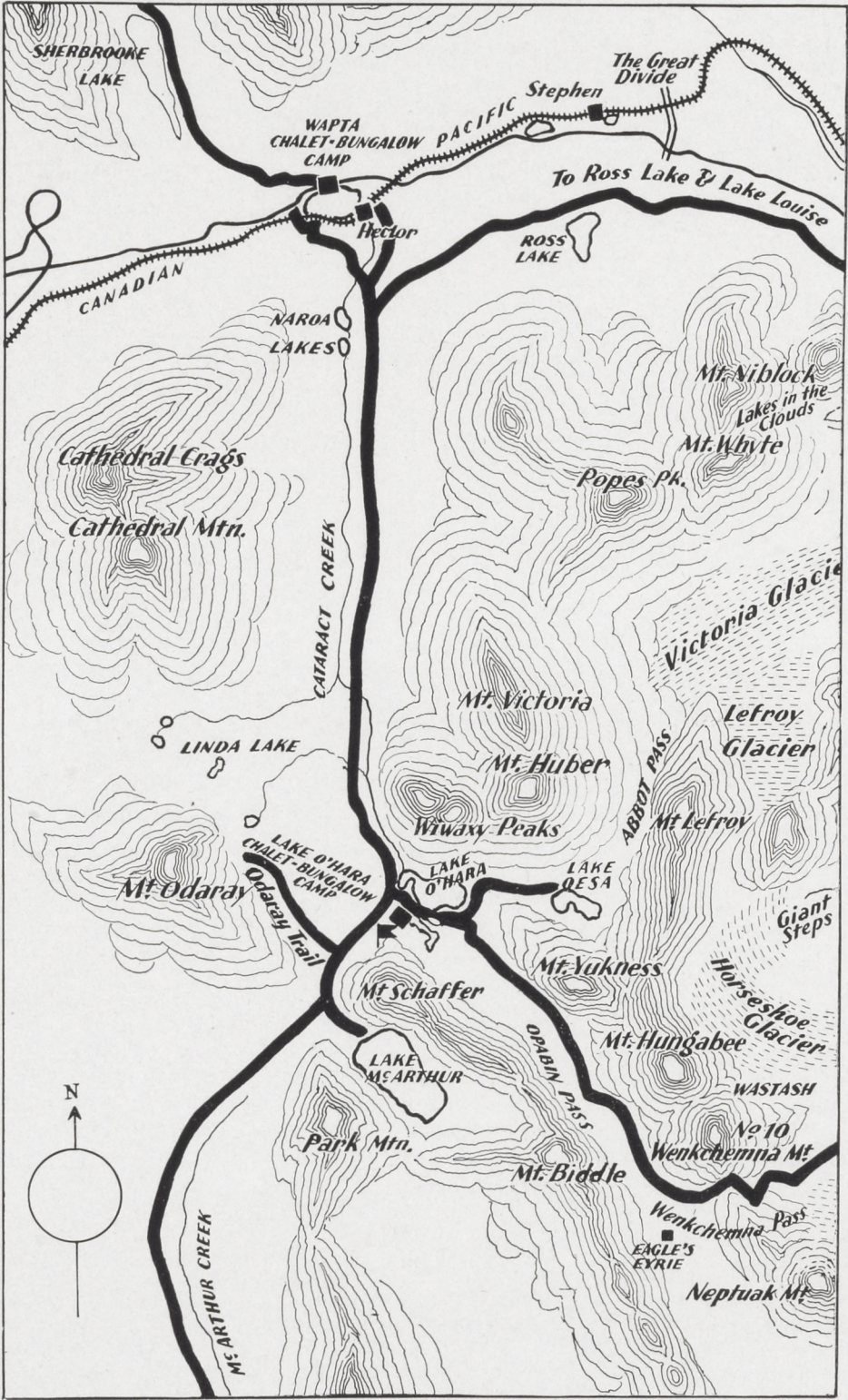
BULLETIN No. 45



FEBRUARY, 1945

Printed in Canada

O'HARA DISTRICT AWAITS HIKERS



(Note: Bungalow camps shown on map will remain closed until further notice)



(Palenske)

Hikers Survey Opabin area

HIKING THRILLS UNLIMITED

O'Hara—Lake of Dreams

By DAN McCOWAN

Trail to O'Hara

"IT'S the most enchanting country that ever yet was seen", is the outspoken opinion of everyone who has walked the trails around that lake with the Irish name, O'Hara. And so again, in August, the Sky Line Hike camp will be pitched in that lovely land of lofty peaks, of sparkling mountain streams and of winding trails that lure the traveller upward to timberline and onward across the open moors to journey's end.

Many of the place names around O'Hara are melodious and alluring, — Oesa and Linda — Hungabee, Wiwaxy and Odaray — Cathedral Crags and Cataract Brook — the latter appearing exclusively on the map of the Rockies as a brook and not as a mere common creek.

It is a fine tumbling, foaming stream as the hiker may discover on leaving Lake Wapta and treading the trail that leads to its source in O'Hara. The well marked and oft travelled pathway is a pleasant one running through a forest of fragrant spruce and pine, guarded on one side by the splendid spires of Cathedral and on the other by the towering ramparts of Victoria.

Seven easy miles, and not of the elongated Irish type, is the distance from Hector railway station to O'Hara. Radiating from the lake are many good trails to what a guide book would call "points of interest in the vicinity". In this instance the phrase is totally inadequate because the entire area simply bristles with such points.

JUST A REMINDER!

- *Trail Hikers are reminded not to make any dates from August 3rd to 6th, inclusive unless, of course, they make them with Trail Hikers.*

For those are the dates set for the 1945 Hikers' Camp at Lake O'Hara, the hikers leaving Hector station or nearby Lake Louise on Friday, August 3, and returning Monday, August 6.

Remember, you've got a date with those high hills . . . and that's a red letter feature for any date-book!

The Sky Line Trail

Official publication of the Sky Line Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies

Address all Bulletin material to the Editor,
Room 329, Windsor Station,
Montreal, P. Q.

EDITOR - - *Graham Nichols*

Outstanding however are the scenic trails to Lake Oesa, to Opabin Valley and to Lake McArthur via Odaray Plateau. The hill path to Oesa — Ice Lake runs, or perhaps ascends is the better word, by the side of a boisterous stream which descends in a continuous series of waterfalls, most attractive to the photographer.

A short distance from what in the highlands of Scotland would be called the lochan — Oesa being small in extent — there is a noteworthy example of the action of glacial ice on the limestone rocks by the side of the trail. There the rabbit-planes and chisels of a former great glacier have gouged and furrowed great grooves in the solid rock.



(Palenske Photo)

Day's Catch at Lake O'Hara

CALLING CARL RUNGIUS! — This impressive scene shows what hikers can expect when they substitute their alpenstocks for fishing poles at Lake O'Hara!

Like many other Rocky Mountain lakes and tarns, O'Hara is well stocked with various species of trout whose fighting qualities are matched only by their popularity on the platter.

The above trout display represents the results of a morning's fishing expedition on O'Hara's placid waters.

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The lake and its alpine environment might best be described as a place of sublime solitude. An occasional avalanche thundering and thudding into Abbot's Pass from the steep slopes of Victoria or Lefroy, a clatter of small rubble falling from Yukness, the cry of a bronzed eagle far overhead — such sounds alone disturb the silence that broods in this secluded glen.

Wild life abundant

By comparison Opabin Valley is spacious. In it there is room to roam widely in the colourful heath of open moorland or to scramble amongst labyrinths of fallen rock in which marmots and conies find a sure refuge. At the head of this valley is the high pass of the same name, its summit almost 8,500 feet above tidewater.

It gives access to Prospectors Valley which runs southward to Marble Canyon. Mount Hungabee — the Chief — is the most prominent mountain flanking Opabin. Forming one of the well-known Ten Peaks group it is, in this section of the Rockies, only topped in height by Mount Temple.

Bird life is not greatly in evidence in Opabin but, in August, one may look for, and possibly discover, small flocks of rosy finches scanning the snow banks in search of chilled and grounded insects. Ptarmigan are also fairly common there and, as these upland grouse are habitually confiding, the hiker may have opportunity to approach and photograph the birds.

From the upper end of the valley a fine view of the high peaks to the west is had — Stephen, with its gleaming glaciers, Cathedral and its slender steeples and, nearer, the dark mass of Odaray, a mountain more impressive in bulk than in form. A National Parks publication states that the name is a Stony Indian one meaning "very brushy, or windfall". Sky Line Hike members who, at a previous camp in this area, penetrated the jungle at its base in an effort to reach Lake Linda, will probably agree that Odaray has been aptly named.

On the side of Mt. Odaray overlooking O'Hara there is a wide bench or small plateau upon which, in season, there is usually a fine display of wild flowers. This

hanging garden is also vantage point for one of the most outstanding panoramas in the entire Canadian Rockies. It is easily reached by a short trail branching off from that which leads to Lake McArthur.

Lake McArthur, named for a former Dominion Government land surveyor, is the largest of the lakes in this district. Lying quite above timberline it is splendidly austere in a setting of great grey hills upon whose shoulders in mid-summer days the snow drifts of a bygone winter may still be draped.

Seldom are its waters rippled by waterfowl but an occasional solitary sandpiper comes thither to probe amongst the pebbles on a scanty beach. Something of the peace enfolding Inisfree may also be found by the shores of this upland lake in British Columbia. Save for the song of a few pipits and the hum of myriads of bees in the heather, the silence is unbroken.

During winter vast snows blanket the meadows and woods around O'Hara. Thus the region is not greatly favoured by mule deer or wapiti. In summer and autumn however a few moose come in to browse amongst the willows beside the brook. Directly above the lake, the crags and cliffs on Wiwaxy mountain form a favourite playground for most of the white goats in the neighbourhood.

While smaller mammals such as the porcupine, the chipmunk and sundry squirrels, arboreal and terrestrial, find a home in the surrounding woodlands, these are seldom present in such numbers as to seriously impede the progress of a forthright pedestrian.

Of Lake O'Hara itself one writes with difficulty and with a halting pen. Some people consider it more beautiful than Lake Louise but scenic comparisons are particularly odious. Having worn out many pairs of shoes on Sky Line trails in the Rockies I know of no finer hiking tract nor have I walked or camped in more entrancing country than that in which this little tarn bearing the Hibernian name of O'Hara is set.

PHOTOS AT RIGHT — top to bottom:

1—Tom Speakman of Winnipeg, Elizabeth Maunsell, Toronto, and Bob Stratton of Woodbury, N.J. indulge in a few reflections.

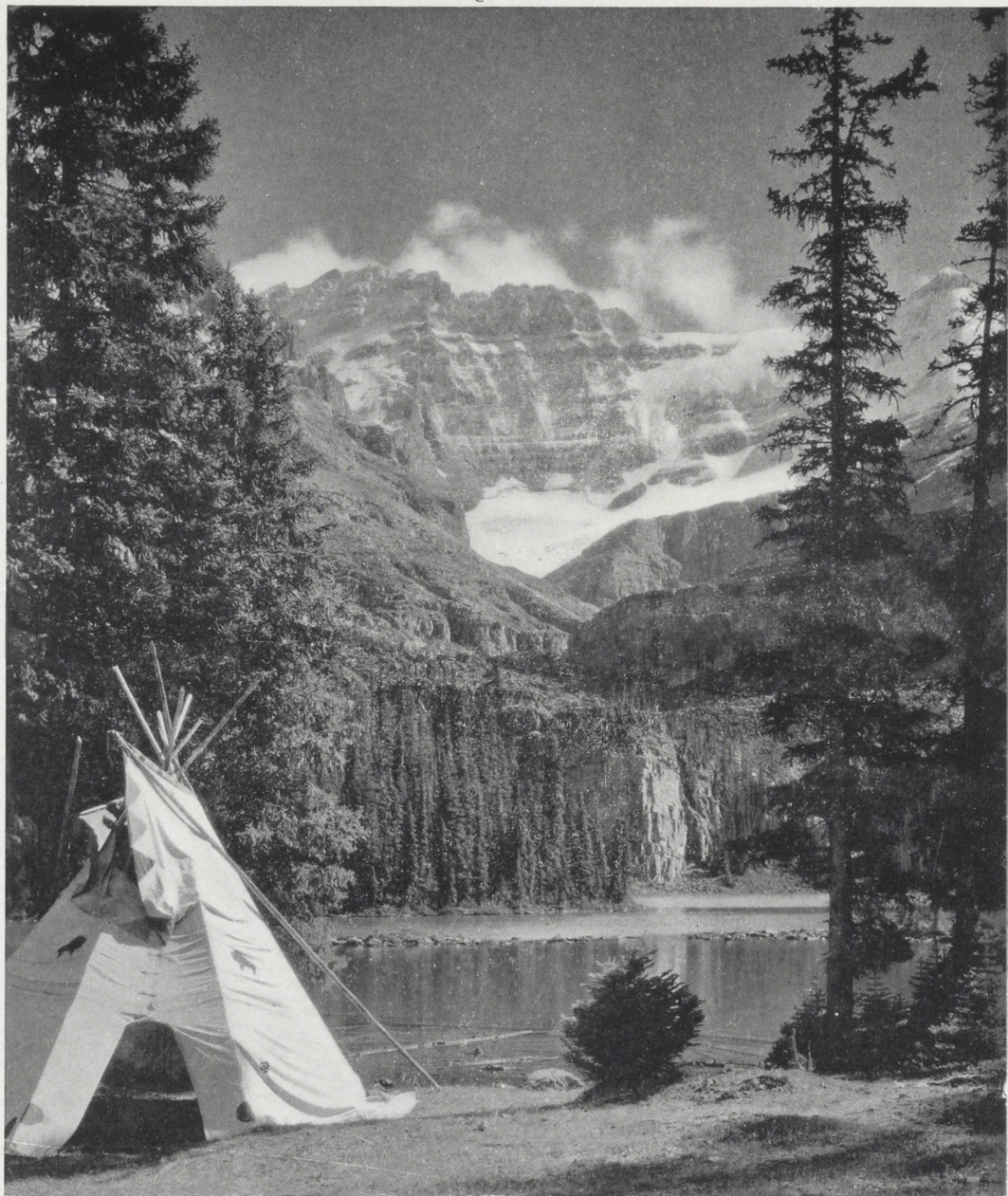
2—Time out with (left to right) Trau Coleman, Lois Barnes, Betty Garbutt, Jean Gill, Jean MacFarlane, Peter Vallance, and Jeanette Farman.

3—Miss Beth Riddoch of Calgary and fellow hiker watch the clouds roll by.

4—Hikers cool off on the trail to Eohippus.



(Photos at top by Frances Maunsell and Lou Shulman; two at bottom by S. R. Vallance.)



ON O'HARA'S TRANQUIL MARGE

(Tune-O Sole Mio)

How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers,
Like molten silver thrown from fairy fountains,
Deep in the forest in a rim of mountains,
How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers!

Beside the campfire when the night has fallen
We watch the stars between the treetops stealing,
The trails of heaven in the lake revealing,
Beside the campfire when the night has fallen.

O Lake of dreamland,
This kiss I throw!
O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so!
O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so, I love you so!

(From a parody by J.M.Gibbon)

Norah Dictates the Fashions

by MARY WEEKES



Hikers in off-trail pose

(Diversity)

NORAH lifted her eyes from the Sky Line Trail Bulletin (No. 44). "High Jinks!" she sniffed, then, glancing again at the magazine, muttered scornfully, "Dramatic leap into Upper Three!"

Perhaps, thought I, I deserve the scorn that weights Norah's voice. I had been too boastful about the agility — acquired by hiking — with which I had ascended to my upper bunk.

"It's all tomfoolery. You might have fallen off the shoulder of your companion in Lower Two and cracked a leg. How would your debonaire Doctor Gow have set a fracture away up there at "the core of the earth"?

Norah's lovely mouth curved sarcastically.

Because of her sincere affection for me, I overlook a lot from Norah. With the galvanic energy of youth, she regards me as an ancient, which I resent bitterly. But I overlook her juvenile impatience and permit her acid remarks about my hiking excursions in the Rockies that, I tell myself, keep me so-so — neither young nor old. I should most certainly boil over if anyone but Norah hinted that — well, let it go at that.

"Let's not be dismal, cup-cake," I said.

With the lift of an eyebrow, Norah disdained my overture. Her blue eyes were coldly accusing.

"Bunks, mattresses, sleeping-rolls — packing these trappings of civilization 9,000 or 10,000 feet above sea level! I thought one was expected to 'rough' it in the Rockies," she said.

"More coffee?" I asked, pacifically.

Norah ignored the remark.

Cruel eyes of 'twenty'

"Take this little Bo-peep," she said, pointing to a snapshot of a stoutish hiker in pants, "I hope you wore a skirt." She surveyed my figure with the cruel eyes of sweet twenty.

"I hadn't hiking pants," I said, wishing, privately and fervently, that I had a slim, straight, birch or beech tree figure.

"I meant, positively, to fix you with 'right' hiking clothes — clothes suitable for your years, but I had to be away. . . ." I heard Norah say as I came out of my wishful thinking, "What *did* you wear?"

"Just some old things I had around," I confessed, hoping she hadn't seen those horrible boots lying in the coat-closet.

Very hastily, remembering my inadequate oxfords of a previous hike, I had bought those heavy boys' blutcher boots and, a shoemaker, confident of his judgment, had studded the soles thickly with hobnails. To fill these shoes, I had had to wear two pairs of wool army socks. In these inventions of Lucifer, I had slugged up and down the trails.

(Continued on page 8)

To A Parmelia

"Poor scabby lichen!"

— This fool not thy valour knows:

Stout is the wee heart

That's fought a thousand seasons,

Through their rains and droughts and snows.

by Charles J. Lovell.

* * *

●The *Parmelia* is one of the lichens commonly encrusting rocks and trees in the mountains. Plant-communities of algae and fungi, some of these lichens are believed to have endured for centuries.



Waterpower - Opabin Pass

(Palenske)

POPULAR HIKER, IDA ADAMS, DIES

WORD of the passing last December of a well-known and popular Trail Hiker, Miss Ida Barbara Adams, was received with genuine regret by Trail Hikers here and in the United States.

Miss Adams, employed for the past twenty-five years by the Bank of Montreal at Vernon, British Columbia, was taken suddenly ill during a Christmas visit with her twin sister, Mrs. William Houston, at Castlegar, B.C., and died on her way to Kootenay Lake general hospital.

Miss Adams, who retired from her Vernon banking post two years ago, had been living in Vancouver.

Miss Adams will be greatly missed on the trails and at the evening campfires where her genial presence helped to brighten the surroundings. She was with the party at Sunshine last year and had planned to attend the 1945 camp at Lake O'Hara.

NORAH DICTATES

(Continued from page 7)

"I saw your boots. I'll bet you didn't sing. 'Going My Way' in those?" said Norah.

"I did," I said, "and nothing happened but an extra dose of fatigue. I changed my tune to 'Show Me The Way to Go Home.'"

Norah gurgled.

"Poor lamb," she said, "hiking in those mud-scows must have been martyrdom. The ways of Rocky Mountain lunatics are wonderful to behold."

"Well, anyway, I had a good flannelette nightgown and a hot water bottle to look forward to at the end of a day's hike," I said.

"What had you for protection against rain and cold?"

"My old cravenette waterproof," I said.

"You must have looked pretty silly."

I continued sipping my coffee. Norah, I reasoned as calmly as I could, was suffering from an excess of youth monomania.

"What about undies?" she asked, "take something warm?"

"You know how it is, Norah," I said, "with the stores as they are. All I could find was a pair of white jersey tights. These I dyed black. The dye ran when I got rain-soaked."

I disliked admitting my indifference to proper hiking clothes, but I could see that Norah was determined to extract the truth. It was useless to argue with one so lovely and as distant in years as Norah.

No patience with 'oldsters'

"You oldsters are suffering from a form of frustration," she said. "The get-ups you contrive for those mountain rambles are past belief—There's a false note somewhere."

"I'm sorry you don't like the things we wear," I said mildly, thinking of slim tree-shaped figures. Perhaps there was something to this frustration. . . .

"I don't. Because they are all wrong. I hope you didn't squeeze yourself into corsets?"

"This," said I, huffily, "I refuse to answer."

Norah's voice became suspiciously conciliatory. She said:

"You knit beautifully. Why don't you cast up on your needles a neat little pair of undies—undies to match the color of your walking skirt? They'd be perfect, too, for the boyish figures. And while you're about it, cast up a loose wool sweater for yourself."

"What else have you in mind for us?" I asked.

"Chamois or deerskin vests, a parka (flannel-

HIKE TRADITIONS SHATTERED !



(W. F. Casey)

The Hiker who admitted he was tired

lined, wind and rain proof) that would extend below the hips! good walking boots (not too high or too heavy); strong lisle stockings, a couple of pairs of wool bobby socks."

"Travel light," suggests Norah

"Knapsacks are antagonizing affairs," said I, reminiscently, "never can you find a thing you put into them."

"For day trips, why fuss with one?" asked Norah. "There are deep pockets in a parka into which you could park a sandwich, extra sweater, suntan oil, gloves, cigarettes or what-have-you. 'Travel light' would be my motto."

Perhaps it did pay to be feminine, even in the Rockies, was my thought, as Norah got up and, with a peck at my cheek, said, "Good-bye, you nice old honey-pie."

Editor's Note: When do we get that introduction to Norah, Mary? A lot of (male) hikers are still making enquiries! They tell me she's a blonde.

DOG DOESN'T TALK, BUT . . .

A visitor entering the home of a friend was more than mildly astonished when he saw same friend absorbed in a game of checkers — his opponent being none other than a rather wise-looking fox terrier.

After viewing the strange spectacle for several moments, the visitor could withhold his amazement no longer.

"Am I crazy?" he asked, "or are you actually playing a game of checkers with your dog?"

"My dog and I often play checkers" said the host casually, "what's so strange about that?"

"But he must be a most brilliant animal" suggested the astonished visitor.

"Oh, he's not so smart" said the owner indifferently, "I've already beaten him in three out of four games".

Reminiscences of THE SUMMER



Hike-happy trio

(Edith Robinson)

THE weatherman was with us; our world was flooded with sunlight, and the air had an exhilarating nip though it was only August. People were in holiday mood and friendly — it was fun! Before we knew it we were deposited at the Warden's Cabin ready to begin the eight-mile hike up the mountain to Sunshine Lodge, the hikers' headquarters.

The trail was an interesting one with interesting bits of scenery and wild-flowers along the way. One ambled or struck off the miles at a good clip as one chose. We stopped for lunch at Healy Creek where sturdy packages of sandwiches awaited us and soft drinks cooled in the creek.

From the creek the path rose more sharply and as we climbed, the altitude made itself felt. Sunshine Valley seemed perfectly named that afternoon. The dark evergreens made a pleasing contrast from the lighter green meadow land and through the trees we caught glimpses of the Lodge lying farther up the Valley.

My friend and I took advantage of the perfect evening and strolled up the pony trail and around the side of a hill to Rock Isle Lake. . . . When we returned a huge campfire blazed in front of the teepees. The air, as darkness fell, was definitely nippy, so we got blankets and joined the throng at the fire.

The president gave a gracious speech of welcome. Several veteran hikers obliged with interesting anecdotes and singing got under way, while a miniature organ tooted out the tunes. The trips being made the next day were outlined and we were asked to decide which one we intended to take. And so to bed.

Rarin' to go!

Next morning after a hearty (and I do mean hearty) breakfast and armed with a package of lunch, we joined the party bound for Quartz Hill. It was another grand morning and we were rarin' to go. We skirted Rock Isle again, and stopped to take pictures as it lay in the early morning sunshine.

We climbed through sloping mountain meadows, or "alplands" I was told they were called, where hundreds of different flowers grew. The heather and anemone blooms were over, but we came across the plants constantly.

We were soon above the timberline and ever-changing and glorious panoramas of mountains spread out before us. Far below us to the right lay Larix Lake, very deep blue, and named for the larches which fringe it. I longed for a pair of auxiliary lungs, for hard as I breathed I could not seem to get enough oxygen — the altitude again! However, by the next day I was acclimatized and noticed it very little.

Far above us we saw two mountain goats surveying their domain but before we could get within camera range they had gone. We continued to

Skyliners will hike the trails after reading the following extract from the book by Hiker Kay Pritchard of Nelson D. in a recent issue of the Nelson D.

Few articles have painted the trails and descriptive tones than Miss Pritchard's in the trails around Sunshine Valley.

The editor regrets that limited space to reproduce the article in full, but has his or her hike memories in paragraphs to follow.



Sunshine Valley from

es of THE SUNSHINE TRAIL

the trails of '44 again in memory
owing excerpts from an article by
of Nelson, B.C., which appeared
Nelson Daily News.

anted the hike picture in more vivid
than Miss Pritchard's account of
the Valley.

limited space makes it impossible
in full, but hopes the reader may
memories pleasantly stirred by the



(Jeanette Farman)

Bonny banks of Rock Isle

climb and the scenery continued to be "breath-taking" and lovely.

Climb Quartz Hill

We passed into the Valley of the Desolation of Rocks, very well named, and had to watch each step carefully for fear of rolling stones, then toiled step by step up to the cairn on the top of Quartz Hill. They call it a hill, though its 8,468 feet are surely worthy of at least the title "Crag" — but there it is.

The view here was superb. Before us in the distance towered Mt. Assiniboine, one of the highest peaks in the Rockies and to our left, far below us lay Lost Lady Lake, blue and inviting in its green meadow setting. This was to be our lunch spot but to get there we had to traverse a steep shale slope.

Some of the party had trouble here as the shale slid with every step but we dug our heels in, took huge steps and came down like Paul Bunyan in his seven league boots. At last we arrived at the lake and our guide, a very good scout, had energy left to build a fire and make us tea to drink with our lunch.

After lunch and a short rest we were off again — homeward-

bound now. Our route was over rolling meadowland, up hill and down dale but still lots of good solid walking. How good supper tasted that night! Each teepee had been made responsible for some item in the way of entertainment at the camp fire and a very good job they made of it.

Dodge storm on ridge

Sunday — our third day already and we only had four. The weather was still glorious. We set off with a different guide this time and in the opposite direction. These "guides" were hikers who knew the country well and really went out of their way to make our trips interesting. We climbed the side of a fairly steep waterfall near the Lodge and up over a long sloping hillside to Wa Wa Ridge. Here half the world seemed stretched before us. We could look down the valley towards Banff but the town itself was hidden by a mountain. Far in the distance lay Lake Minnewanka.

While we were on the Ridge black clouds rolled up to the left of us and we thought we were in for a soaking, but they passed on, curled down over Banff and broke. We had a most unusual view of the storm.

Our course now lay over rolling mountain meadows. It was pleasant walking, soft to the feet with here and there a marshy spot and always plenty of flowers along the way. The forget-me-nots were particularly lovely, a much more brilliant blue than those we know.

(Continued on page 18)



(Frances Maunsell)

Valley from sky line

BRICKBATS AND *Bouquets*

THE *Brickbats and Bouquets* column was slightly off balance in the last Bulletin, the reason being that there were only brickbats and no bouquets.

Hikers may recall that both brickbats were hurled with deadly aim by Canada's ace trail hiking cameraman, Nick Morant, the target in both cases being your long-suffering editor.



Now we have a strange paradox. In appealing for bouquets to "make the column complete", the editor received the above drawing (figure it out if you can), which represents the work of none other than Brickbatter Morant himself!

Since Nick drew the above apparition before New Year's Eve, the Editor will reserve any unkind comments on the subject.

* * *

THANKS to Trail Hiker Charles J. Lovell of Pasadena, Cal., the Editor has come in for a bit of face-saving. It started with that photo of trail hikers, which included Dan McCowan, appearing in an earlier Bulletin. The picture carried the notation "Photo by Dan McCowan".

This aroused Nick's indignation — said even the fastest runner could not take a picture and appear in it simultaneously with the shutter release. (See last Bulletin). The editor suggested it was done with mirrors.

Trail Hiker Lovell proves we're both wrong reminding us of self-timing devices that allow photographers to appear in their own pix. To prove his point Mr. Lovell sends us this photo.

Who is it? Mr. Lovell. Who took it? Mr. Lovell.

Let's Get Together! THROUGH BULLETIN EXCHANGES

THE activities of other hiking clubs, large and small, here and in other countries, are of never-failing interest to all ardent trail hikers!

Bound by common interests, including a love of the trails, the wonders of nature, and everything pertaining to the great outdoors, hikers are truly brothers under the skin.

For that reason we say: "Let's get together more often".

This, of course, can't be done whenever we feel the urge. However, we can be brought more closely together through regular communication with other hiking clubs.

This brings us to our exchange department — whereby through the receipt of other bulletins we are kept informed as to how other clubs are faring.

In this way suggestions are frequently brought to light of mutual advantage to all clubs concerned.

We are already in receipt of bulletins from a number of hiking clubs here and in the United States. These clubs in turn receive copies of our own journal.

From now on the Bulletin will endeavor to devote more space to this important and interesting phase of the hiking world.

* * *

All hiking clubs, not now on our exchange list, and who wish to receive copies of "The Sky Line Trail," are requested to write the Editor, "The Sky Line Trail," Room 329, Windsor Station, Montreal, Canada.

Snap's Own Photo



Knows his ropes

IN ACTION — AND OTHERWISE



Hikers refuel at O'Brien's camp



This takes footwork!



Even hikers must relax

Something New in Applications

Do hill-billys make good hikers? They should with a name like that. But judging by the following letter, Hill-billy Elijah Cornpone seems to be a bit skeptical about the whole thing. Oh, well, maybe time will tell.

Possum Corners, Feb. 1, 1945.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Us boys was readin' a copy of yer Trail Hike catalog round the cracker bar'l down at Zeke's genrul store and after seein' all the purty pictures and gittin' Zeke, who has had book larnin', to read some of them stories, I says I aims to go hikin next year, I says.

But first of all, Mr. Editor, I'd be proud did you give me some facts about this hikin' business. A story by some zany feller calls himself Graham Nichols says thet hikin' and walkin' ain't the same thing. Now this city furriner may know what he's talkin' about but it don't make no sense to me nohow.

When Ma sends me to Zeke's for the mail Sattidays — and thet kevvors 20 miles way the buzzard flies — I treks all the way ceptin' when Lem Gubbins comes by with his mule team. Now, Mr. Editor, I kin walk thet distance twixt sun-up and noonday and if thet

ain't hikin' I'll eat Aunt Nellie's sunbonnet.

Why tote a swing?

Yit this city guy says hikin' is walkin' with a swing which sounds purely zany to us hill folks. Now I seen one of these h'yar swings time the Fair come to Possum Corners and seems like a body would hev to be powerful strong to tote one of them things time he went a-hikin'.

Now if it's hikin' I'm aimin' to do I druther walk without no swings nor nothin' else — jest a chaw or two of tobaccy, a few rations, and a snort of grandpappy's moonshine, or mebbe my shot gun case I meet up with the Tullivers. Nosir. I don't want no swing nor nothin' else a-hendrin' me on no hike.

Well now back to thet hike catalog of yourn. We was lookin' at all the purty gals dressed in britches like the men folks and figgered this be some new fangled city-folk styles account the gals still wears gingham round these parts.

Kin you keep a secret, Mr. Editor? I'm aimin' to be courtin' Maggie Barnmash time crops is made and she might git powerful uppity did she larn I was fixin' to go a-hikin' with all them purty wimmin. So please, Mr. Editor, don't tell Maggie nothin about this hike. I showed her the purty hike book but she cain't read

account she's still in second grade which don't start readin till after hayin' time.

What state — Banff?

The purty catalog sez somethin' about this h'yar hike costin' 20 dollers. Now listen, Mr. Editor, 20 dollers seems a powerful lot to spend for jest 4 days walkin' when a body kin walk from Beehive Gulch to Zeke's fer nothin' — and without no swing nor nuthin' to tote with him.

The book says the hikers belong to start out from some city name of Banff. Now if Banff be in this state I figgers I kin git there if you all wait till after the sweet pertaters is in.



Eohippus - Here we come!

(S. R. Vallance)



An alternative starting point — Lake Louise

If it's acrost the state line I ain't fixin' to make it account pappy's rheumatism gets bad round thet time, and he can't do the hog killin' all by hisself.

Well, I guess thet's all now, Mr. Editor, I'll be gittin' thet 20 dollers time the corn makes, thet is if I figgers I kin git away. I reckon the twenty dollers gives a body his rations and lodgins includin' them swings yer city feller gabs about. If so, tell the cook gentleman I likes lots of grits with my cornpone same as mammy fixes it Sundays when company comes to supper.

Thanks agin fer the swell catalog. We don't git nothin' like thet at Zekes from plantin' till hayin' time. Hopin' yer health be right smart tol'able.

Elijah Cornpone

Migrant Geese

*Far do they wander,
Yearly going and coming
'Long trackless highway;
God's great love is their guidance:
His creatures never shall stray.*

by Charles J. Lovell

What Goes On ?

DOWN YOUR WAY

TRAIL Hikers, being only human, are naturally interested in the activities of their fellow Skyliners.

And as our rank and file are well distributed across the continent, it is sometimes impossible to know how the world's treating our comrades of the trail.

This is where the Sky Line Trail magazine might be able to render a little service of interest to its readers.

You may know of a fellow hiker who has enlisted in the services, gone overseas, or gained some special distinction.

Talent is also rife in our hiker ranks, trail hikers having been known to write songs, poems, books. They have also won awards in photography or for distinction in other fields.

Then there is always the romantic element. You know how it is when boy meets girl on the trail especially under that Rocky Mountain moonlight. And then maybe wedding bells !

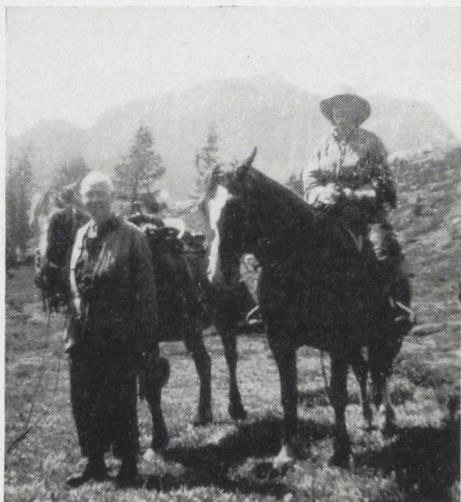
So if you wish to be a full-fledged key-hole reporter, here's your chance. Drop us a line some time and tell us what goes on. The editor will thank you. So will the readers.



Hikers all — Bob, Elizabeth, Tom



Peter and pal at Lake O'Hara



(Doris Vallance)

Hiker hosts — the C'Erien's

THINGS WORTH WHILE

The following article, reproduced from the editorial pages of the "Health Walker" carries a message of interest to every hiker and may well provide food for thought for those who prefer armchairs to alpenstocks!

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* * *

TO gain anything worthwhile takes both time and effort. To do constructive thinking to better our welfare takes a lot of effort for most of us. Thomas Edison said that the hardest thing in the world is get people to think.

The world is filled with people who live their life over the path of least resistance. By nature we are a lazy lot. That is why there are still some averse to hiking. Even though you convince them of the great health benefit and enjoyment to be gained from hiking, they cannot muster up the courage to work for it. And the weaker the will of people, the more prone they are to call us fools for doing it!

The hikers build such deep friendships because they realize the outstanding qualities of each individual, and admire each other for it. It takes the unusual person to have the courage and ambition to undertake it. It's so much easier to sit in a chair.

Too many people put too little into life and get too little out of it. All too often they are jealous of the one with a host of friends. No one's friends are legion who doesn't put a lot into life. The majority of people stand in their own light and lament the darkness! Nearly all are guilty of this to some extent.

We continually try to get health from a bottle (medicine, of course) or packet. And the weight of tolerance is like a millstone on our head while trying to work enough to get the money to pay the doctor to hand us out more bottles and packets! You only find yourself right back from where you started.

Why not try nature's path of curing? The effort of learning about diet and exercise takes no more energy than earning the money to pay the doctor. Then you are getting somewhere!

Remember the dates!

AUGUST 3rd to 6th

At Lake O'Hara

DOWN MEXICO WAY

Plan New Club Building

TRAIL Hiking is where you find it — and you'll find it flourishing south of the Rio Grande just as it does in our own Canadian Rockies!

The hiking picture down Mexico way sprung into special prominence with the announcement that Latin America's largest hiking club, the "Club de Exploraciones de Mexico" is amassing a fund to erect modern new quarters in Mexico City.

The new building, which will feature rooms for visiting hikers on the third floor, will replace the club's former quarters in an aged Mexican building soon to be dismantled.

Founded over 22 years ago by Prof. Otis McAllister, a Harvard graduate, and a teacher of English in Mexico for over 25 years, the Club has been largely responsible for putting hiking on an organized basis throughout the provinces of Mexico.

You may not recognize the names, but chapters of the club have been established in Monterrey,

Puebla, Guadalajara, Jalapa, Pachuca, Tlalpujahuá, Acapulco, Uruapam, Morelia, Toluca, Atlixco and other Mexican cities and towns. Most of these are active branches.

Any hikers wishing to become associated with the club's new enterprise are invited to send contributions, ranging from one dollar up, to Prof. McAllister, Apartado Postal 1908, Mexico, D.F., the club's honorary president.

All donations will be acknowledged both by receipt and in the columns of "La Montana", the club's official publication. It costs one dollar only to become a corresponding member of the Club de Exploraciones de Mexico, which entitles the member to a copy of La Montana with which he can keep in touch with the club's activities.

Larger contributions to the building fund will merit a special diploma, while names of principal contributors will appear on a metal plaque in the entrance hall of the new building.

So here's your chance, Hikers, for contributing something to Pan-American solidarity!



No fences here!

(C.P.R. Photo)

REMINISCENCES

(Continued from page 11)

Presently we came to scrubby trees again, climbed down a steep slope and followed a clear chattering stream to Larix Lake. The lake was brilliantly dappled with ever-changing blues and greens in the sunshine and the light feathery green of the larches made it seem like Spring. We followed the shoreline then climbed a slope to a teepee set among the trees where we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, who have camped in the Banff area every summer for the past 26 years.

It was a pleasant visit but we soon had to be on our way again — this time to Grizzly Lake. There were still larches along the trail and how I longed for a color camera, for here Indian paint brush shaded from pale coral to deep magenta, and fleabane, a mauve daisy-like flower with a bright yellow center, grew in profusion.

We crossed a stream and stopped to take pictures of it as it dropped over a 40-foot cliff a few feet farther on. We soon reached the lake, another mountain gem, very clear and still. We saw no grizzly bears but did see trout in the lake. Now we started climbing again and after some perseverance came over the brow of the hill and found ourselves back again at Rock Isle Lake.

We debated whether we would swim, fish or sunbathe but, as it turned out, could do none of these things as it started to rain lightly and we headed up the pony trail for home.

Big pow-wow in Lodge

This was to be the night of the Pow-Wow, election of officers, etc. The huge campfire was already blazing brightly when it started to rain, not just a sprinkle, but as if it really meant it, so the pow-wow had to be held in the Lodge.

We had an exceptionally pleasant evening and at last sang Auld Land Syne regretfully as this was to be our last gathering — tomorrow we broke camp. The four days had melted like snow in warm sunshine.

What a grand trip it had been! But it was more than just that. It was a few days of peace in a war-torn world. It was a chance to meet new people. Many of the hikers have made a

THANKS FOR THE PIX!

• Many of the fine photos appearing in this issue have been contributed by 1944 hikers — in response to an S.O.S. from the Editor.

Since we are only at the half-way mark between the 1944 and 1945 hikes we feel that a sprinkling of Sunshine shots will help revive last year's memories and stimulate interest in the forthcoming O'Hara jaunt.

So here you have them, Hikers, in addition to a few preview shots of next year's camp.

Therefore, the Bulletin takes a bow and says "Thankyou" to the following:

Sydney R. Vallance, Calgary; Lou Shulman, Calgary; Frances Maunsell, Toronto; Jeanette Farman, Calgary; Marshall Diverty, Woodbury, N.J.

Cover photo is by R. H. Palenske of Chicago.

very definite niche for themselves in the world but the altitude or some mysterious alchemy of the mountains had an extraordinarily "leveling" effect on the party.

They doffed their positions, or lack of them, and became very friendly and extremely interesting personalities. It was a chance to see that democracy does exist in life as well as in theory. To make the trip a success many hikers worked hard and willingly, without personal gain, so that others might enjoy what they themselves felt was very worth-while.



Hiker surveys Odaray

(Maurice Kellerman)

FACTS FOR PROSPECTIVE HIKERS

• The Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent society of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a four or five-day hikers' camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise. Camp is located at a point from which interesting trails radiate.

* * *

Membership in the order is open to all, irrespective of race, creed, age, sex, colour or profession. Annual dues are \$1.00 which entitle members to receive the four Sky Line Trail bulletins published each year.

* * *

Principal aim of the society is to encourage the maintenance and development of trails in the Canadian Rockies, to foster good fellowship, interest in alpine wild life, to prepare and circulate maps and literature.

* * *

Regular fee for the outing is at the rate of \$5.00 per day, which includes accommodation and meals, at main camp, lunch on the trail, and other incidentals.

Hikers make headquarters at central camp, which sometimes takes the form of a tent camp and other times is located at one of the well established lodges or chalets in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, supplemented by teepees.

* * *

The hikers set out on the trail each morning, lunch en route, and return to main camp at nightfall for evening sing-song and entertainment.

* * *

Itineraries are planned to include most scenic mountain areas, where alpine lakes and rivers provide facilities for fishing and sometimes bathing. Trails frequently traverse passes and plateaux high above the Rocky Mountain timberline.

* * *

Hikers are encouraged to make study of alpine flora and fauna encountered at altitudes varying from 5,000 to 9,000 feet above sea level. Camera opportunities are unlimited.

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